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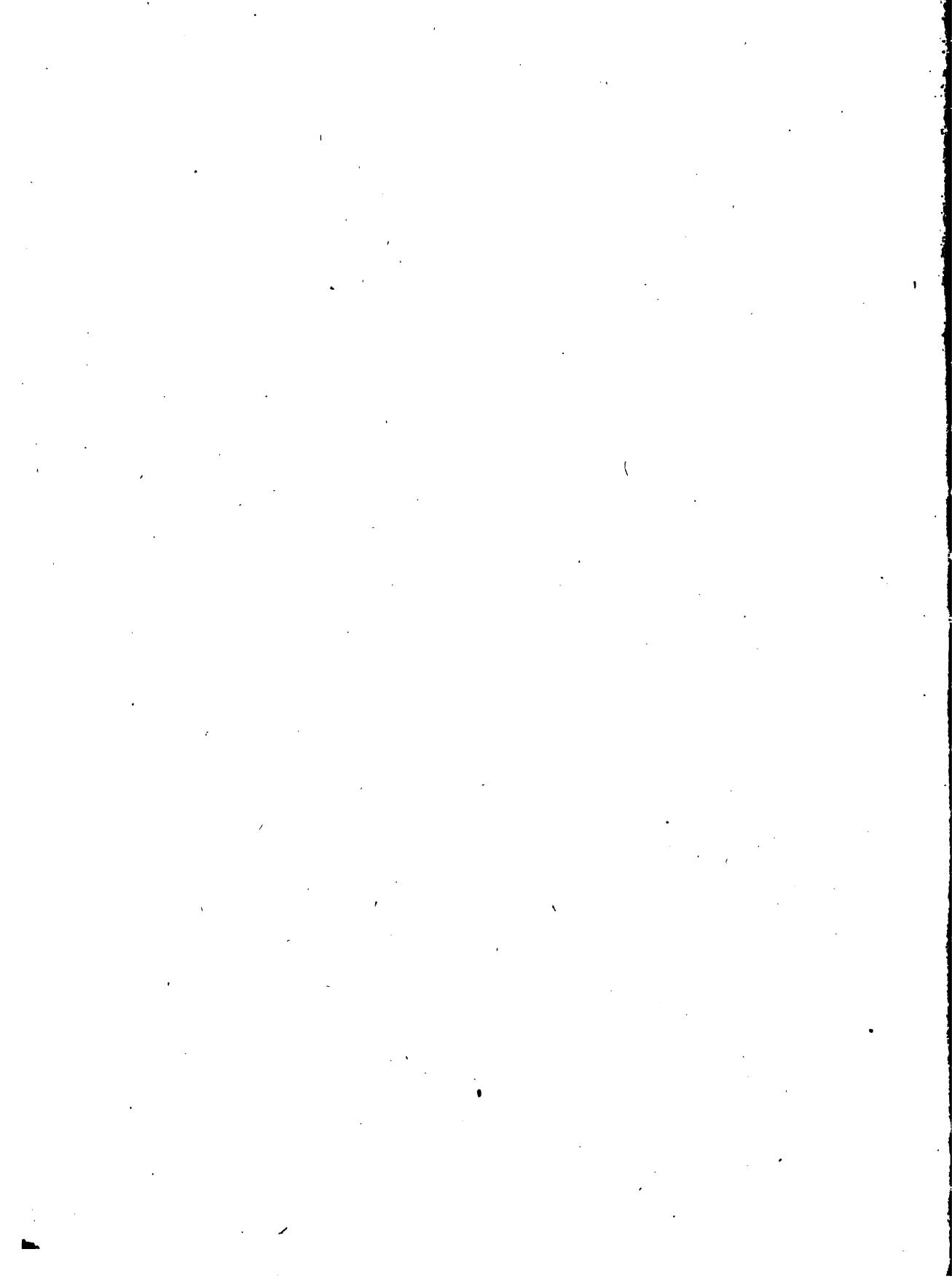
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PEACE:

A LYRIC POEM.

BY THOMAS EASTOE ABBOTT,

OFFICER OF EXCISE.

O BEAUTEOUS PEACE:

SWEET UNION OF A STATE! WHAT ELSE, BUT THOU,
GIVES SAFETY, STRENGTH, AND GLORY TO A PEOPLE!

I SEE OUR PLAINS

UNBOUNDED WAVING WITH THE GIFTS OF HARVEST;
OUR SEAS WITH COMMERCE THROG'D, OUR BUSY PORTS
WITH CHEERFUL TOIL.

THOMSON.

HULL:

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1814.

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TO

JOHN CARRICK, Esq.

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF HULL,

This Poem

IS, WITH PERMISSION, DEDICATED

BY HIS

MOST OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL

HUMBLE SERVANT,

T. E. ABBOTT.

WITH the motives, circumstances, and qualifications of the Writer the austere Critic professes to have nothing to do. His object is, to ascertain with rigid precision the absolute merit, or demerit, of the thing written; and he pursues it unrelentingly.—From criticism of such a description the present composition necessarily shrinks. Who, indeed, “in these degenerate days,” save Lord Byron, may endure it—and live? But if in the narrow visits, to which the circulation of the following stanzas will naturally be confined, moral feelings may be permitted in some measure to expiate the absence of intellectual and literary accomplishments; if, in the silence of nobler minstrels,

“Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise—”

the author begs his readers to bear in mind, that, in PEACE, the achievement of his own unrivalled country, he has a theme, to the adequate celebration of which far nobler minstrels must prove unequal.

HULL, May, 1814.

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PEACE.

**"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD
WILL TOWARD MEN."**

LUKE II. 14.

COME, heavenly Peace! with fostering ray

Once more, bright Power, renew the day,

And thrill man's heart with joy:

Too long has Europe groan'd beneath

The bloody sword, which thou shalt sheath,

The fiend thou shalt destroy.

Sweet Nymph ! could I in classic lore
Thy gifts rehearse, thy charms explore,
A loftier hymn to thee
I'd raise : but thou wilt not despise,
Nor will the Great, the Good, the Wise
Disdain simplicity.

Hark ! Nature's universal choir,
The rustic bard, the rural lyre,
With rapture wake the plain :
The city and the villa rings ;
And Echo, borne on Zephyr's wings,
Repeats the joyous strain.

Awake, ye sacred Maids of song!

Scar'd by the din of war too long

Have shrunk the fearful nine:

A holy theme the lay requires,

Enough to move celestial fires,

And urge a strain divine.

Sweet Solace breath'd from Heaven above,

Thy vigorous energies of love

Shall spread with sails the main;

With toil shall polish labour's plough—

The drum unbraced, unstrung the bow,

And snapt the spear in twain.

Sublimar features mark the age!

Brute force no more, nor despot rage,

Shall crush the fainting soul:

But purer glories speak the Power,

Which stills the storm, so fierce before,

With merciful control.

Transporting change! th' eternal voice

The low, the lofty bids rejoice,

The Cottager, the King;

And babes unborn shall bless the day,

When Peace resum'd her genial sway,

With healing on her wing.

PEACE.

5

“ Rejoice !” the lovely Stranger cries ;

“ What salutation from the skies

“ Can charm like sound of mine ?

“ I bring compasion on my way,

“ And like the rosy beam of May

“ With warmth reviving shine.”

Blest period ! could I fitly tell

How Gallia's scatter'd legions fell—

In Muscovy, in Spain ;

To future times the verse should show

Vittoria's trophy, Russia's snow,

And Leipsic's crimson'd plain :

Should give to fame those gallant bands,

Who taught the warrior's gory hands

T' invert his pointed lance!

Still bright should bloom their patriot bays,

And men forget in peaceful days

The stormier hour of France.

The sea shall own thy placid reign,

Nor soon shall thunder'd shot again

Lay low the stately mast:

Thy streamers fair shall wave on high,

While earth re-echoes with the cry—

“The hurricane is past!”

PEACE.

7

Religion hails thy dawning morn;

Industrious Traffic fills her horn,

And nations nations greet:

The sonless sire, the orphan thrives;

The heart of widowhood revives,

And Truth and Justice meet.

For what are Continents and Isles,

When Peace with beam auspicious smiles?

But Gems, in one wide main.

Sons of a common sire, mankind

The ocean severs but to bind

With one encircling chain.

Undoom'd to win, unus'd to yield,

War leaves with lingering look the field :

His madden'd blood recoils.

Though him nor pity nor remorse

Can woo to quit his savage course,

Thy glance his fury foils.

Die, Monster, die ! no more to rise :

Destruction close thy hateful eyes,

And lock thy glutt'd jaws !

And Peace, bless'd Being ! in thy stead

Her gentler domination spread,

Proclaim her happier laws.

Hush'd is the battle's deafening roar ;

The cannon's flash is seen no more,

Nor dims its smoke the day :

Again with flowers the pasture blooms,

The dell its verdure re-assumes,

And sorrow flees away.

States, foes no more, the despot spurn :

Again their rightful Lords return,

And spears to sickles bend.

The fortress forms the wanderer's home ;

And many a camp, in years to come,

To swains its fence shall lend.

Thrice welcome, Peace! with magic power

To ope the massive prison-door

Is thy benign employ:

Low bending at thy holy shrine,

The sire shall cry, "What bliss is mine?"

While mothers weep for joy.

The dungeon drear, late scene of dread,

Where anguish rack'd each drooping head,

Its captives shall resign.

Down, barriers, down! ye fetters, fall!

Nor more the freeman's limbs enthrall,

The vigorous frame confine.

Too long for him does heav'ns sweet ray

With gleam unprofitable play!

It visits not his eyes.

His tender partner pines the while,

Nor hope itself can prompt a smile:

She droops—ah me! she dies.

No. Hark! with symphonies of praise

The happy homager repays

Her rescued consort's doom:

Raptur'd they join the general strain,

Forget their long, long years of pain,

Amid the joys of home.

Their children—O delightful name!

A Father's evening blessing claim—

What lip can bless so well?

'Tis his their virtues to refine,

Their better glow to teach to shine,

Their fiercer throbs to quell.

Thee, thee the homeless hind requires,

Thee Moscow rising from her fires,

A northern Phoenix, calls:

Do thou thy voice of music lend—

The tower, the spire shall re-ascend,

As once old Thebes's walls.

O'er England's budding hopes mean while

Instruction shall diffuse her toil,

And teach them to be wise ;

Teach them that Carnage waits on war,

That Death is harness'd to his car,

And Joy his presence flies.

O plenteous source of blissful years !

The tears thou draw'st are happy tears,

Hope's race thy train compose :

Charm'd by that angel mien of thine,

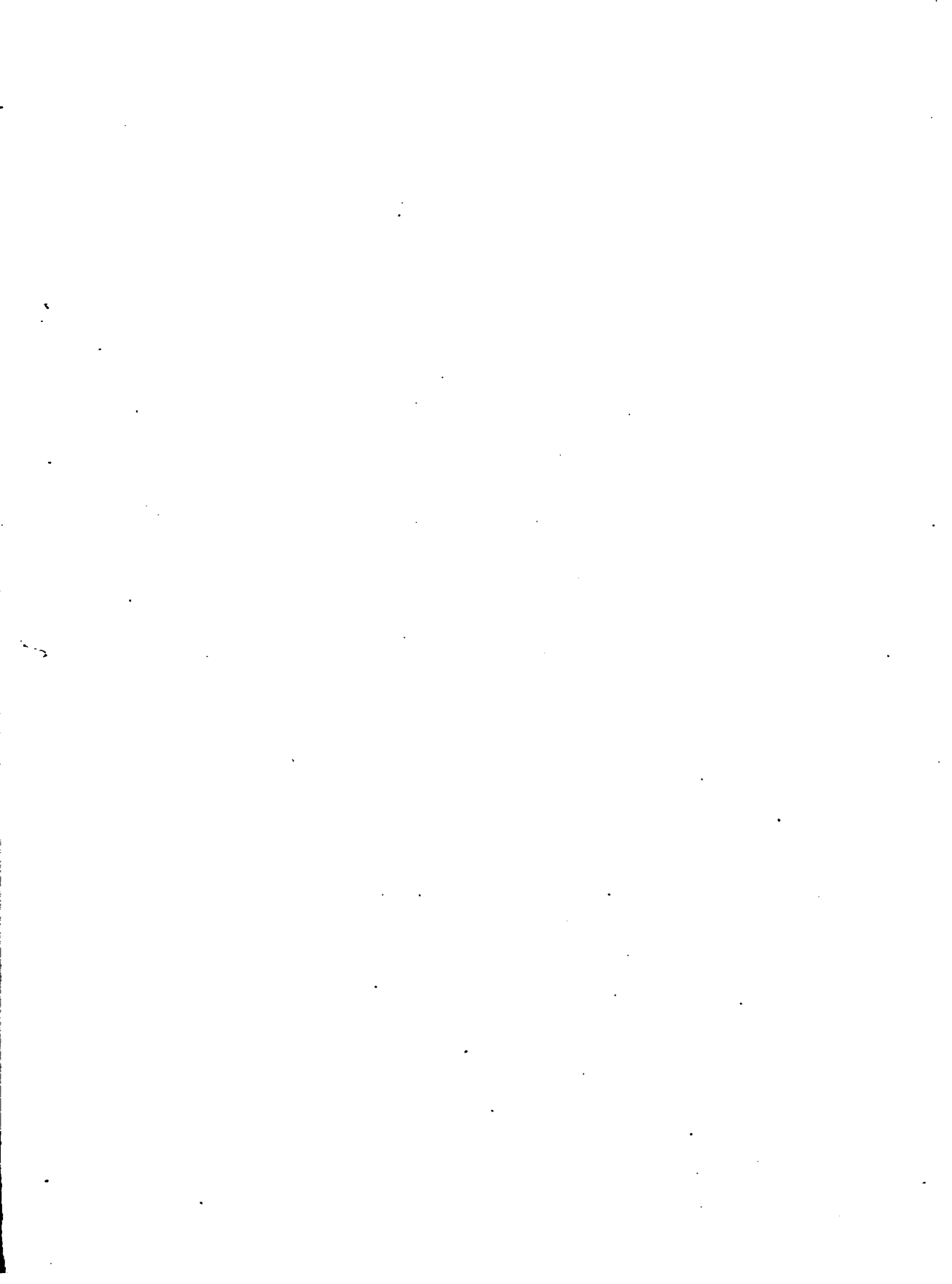
Grim combatants their rage resign,

And in soft friendship close.

Extinct henceforth the name of foe,
The laurel-wreath on GEORGE'S brow
 With olive blends its ray ;
There fast, perennial chaplets, twine ;
With lustre all-surpassing shine,
 And gild his waning day.

And thou, while rapture rends the air,
My Country, breathe thine ardent prayer
 That war's stern rites may cease ;
And as the hallow'd sounds expand,
With loud hosannas o'er the land
 Extol the GOD OF PEACE.

THE END.



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